

Consolatory Poem

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord Cutts,

UPON THE

DEATH

OF HIS

Most Accomplish'd L A D Y.

By N. TATE, Servant to His MAJESTY.

*Requies quondam Spesq; unica Vitæ,
Nunc Dolor, æternusq; imo sub Pectore Luctus.*
Sanaz. Pisc. Ecl. 1.

L O N D O N:

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TO THE DIRECTOR

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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A

Consolatory Poem

To the Right Honourable

J O H N Lord *Cutts* , &c.

Stretch'd in a lonesome Vale (where Spring decays,
And Nature with Affright her Self surveys)
LYSANDER grieving lay----the Earth his Bed !
Against a mossy Stone he lean'd his Head ;
His thoughtful Head, that no Repose admits :
Close at his Feet a sighing *Cupid* sits.
Wreaths, Chaplets, Trophies, (Once the Hero's Care)
With all the glitt'ring Furniture of *War*,
To rust and tarnish on the Ground are left,
Beneath a Leafless Oak by Thunder cleft.

A pompous Cloud descending from the Hills
 Like some huge Pageant the broad Valley fills.
 But now (with Drums and Trumpets awful Sound
 The vast Machine unfolding all around)
 Behold what glorious Objects are disclos'd !
 Celestial Forms to Human View expos'd.
 Lo ! first the GOD of WAR, with dreadful Grace,
 As when he thunders on the Plains of *Thrace* :
 'The blue-ey'd *PALLAS* leans upon his Arm,
 And, fiercely Beautiful, makes Terror Charm.
 The dusky Groves with sudden Lustre shine ;
 Hark ! how the Pow'rs of Harmony combine----- }
 'Tis bright *APOLLO*, with the Tuneful *NINE*. }
 More Heav'nly Figures still adorn the Plain,
 The GRACES Mild and VIRTUES Awful Train.
BRITANNIA too----On whose Majestick State
 PEACE, Wreath'd in Palms, and Lawrell'd CONQUEST
 These Noble Visitants, by *JOVE*'s Command, (wait.
 Condoling round the Mourning Lover stand.

Thus (sternly) *MARS* the pensive Silence breaks-----
 (And shakes the Ground beneath him while he speaks.)

O Fate ! O dismal Change ! who now can trace
 One Feature of the Warrior in that Face !
 Where's now the sprightly Air, whose radiant Light
 Through Clouds of Smoke distinguish'd Him in Fight ?
 Or when, in desp'rate Siege, o'er Bodies pil'd,
 He brav'd Destruction and on Danger smil'd ?

Look



Look up, my Son, see how with Skill Divine
 Emblazon'd on my Shield, your Actions shine !
 Your Hazards, Hardships, Honourable Wounds,
 With wond'rous Art express'd in narrow Bounds.
 Death in All Shapes, with still Undaunted Brow,
 You There Confront----And shall He Triumph Now ?
 To fitting Winds this killing Sorrow give,
 And O! for Glory's sake, consent to Live.
 Resume your Courage, your Heroick Flame,
 And listen to the chearful Voice of F A M E.

MINE R V A next with stately Mien advanc'd,
 (Her Crested Plume in waving Lustre danc'd,
 And Lightning from her burnish'd Helmet glanc'd.)
 While thus the Goddess-----

-----Why this wild Despair ?
 For short-liv'd Comfort why such endless Care ?
 Nature sets Limits to the swelling Main,
 And Sorrow's Tide, at Height, should Ebb again.
 You have the Tribute of your Tears bestow'd,
 Whate'er the Husband, Friend, or Lover ow'd.
 But now, unjustly to your self engross
 A Grief that shou'd be Publick as the Loss.
 For Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,
 Are Sufferers All when Sacred Virtue Dies !
 That Heav'nly Worth shou'd have so short a Date,
 Does just Concern in Deities create,
 Who therefore mourn your Nymphs untimely Fate.

Large was their Int'rest in her Precious Life,
 But I a Daughter lost, as You a Wife.
 Said I a Daughter? ----Envy knows 'tis True!
 Nor only That---She was my Darling too!
 To Her my best Endowments I assign'd,
 And crown'd her Beauty with as Fair a Mind :
 That Youth's Allurements cou'd, in Youth, despise;
 And only Wisdom's Sacred Treasure prize :
 And reach a Sphere of Knowledge, too sublime
 • For Vanity's Fantastick Wings to climb.
 Her sparkling Wit, that like her Eyes cou'd shine,
 Like them did modestly its Beams confine.
 The Bounds of Decency she ne'er transgress'd ;
 Yet no Reluctance, no Constraint express'd.
 To Caution's Self she gave a pleasing Air ;
 Reserv'd, without the sullen Look of Care.
 Her temper'd Mirth was like a Morning-Ray,
 All Mildly Bright, and Innocently Gay.
 Then what her Serious, what her Sacred Hours ?
 The Joy and Wonder of Celestial Pow'rs.
 We charge Thee, Fame, to her Deserts be just,
 And piously perform the mighty Trust :
 Let Future Ages read what This admir'd,
 But never know how *Early* She expir'd !
 For such Perfections in the Bloom of *Youth*,
 Will stagger Faith, and cast a Veil on Truth.

Thus *PALLAS*---next, in Accents sweetly faint,
 The God of Verse address'd his kind Complaint.

When

When *Mars* and War's lov'd Goddess sue in vain,
 What can *Apollo*, and his slighted Train?
 Yet, Warrior, call to mind you once were ours:
 By me conducted to Inspiring Bow'rs;
 The Seats of Fancy, and harmonious Pow'rs.
 To You our *Helicon* was all expos'd;
 The Fields of Wit, without Reserve, disclos'd.
 But (more enamour'd on advent'rous Fame)
 For Martial Wreaths you did my Bays disclaim!
 Yet (fond her past Endearments to renew)
 The *Daphne*, who from my Embraces flew,
 To distant Camps and Sieges follow'd You.
 Ah too unkind-----yet still the Muses Care;
 Who hither from their blissful Seats repair,
 Your Griefs to comfort, or at least to share.

To share his Griefs indeed, *URANIA* cries,
 (Nor Destiny that wretched Help denies.)
 For what can Numbers or melodious Breath,
 When Harmony it self's untun'd by Death!
 When the sweet Charmer of the Plains is made
 The Grave's mute Pris'ner, and a silent Shade!
 Tyrannick Fates, ingloriously you boast
 A Conquest, where you have the Triumph lost;
 Your Pride must own that with Unvanquish'd Mind
 Life's dearest Hopes and Blessings she resign'd.
 Her only Care-----No more! -----The Last Farewell
 Of Dying **L O V E** no gentle Muse may tell!

Tempestuous Winds that Doleful Tale shou'd bear
 Far hence, where only Salvages may hear,
 Far distant from her grieving L O V E R's Ear.
 Let Musick yet her Obsequies deplore ;
 Perform that Task, and then be heard no more.

Pleas'd with the Hint, A P O L L O strikes his Lyre,
 While Thus, in Consort, sung the Tuneful Quire,
 As Fancy, Grief, and Phæbus did Inspire.

*Ye Nymphs that in the Groves reside,
 Or reap the Meadows early Pride,
 To deck LAURINDA's Marble, bring
 The Virgin-Beauties of the Spring.*

*Nereids offer There your Shells,
 Dismantle all your Gawdy Cells,
 A Tribute to LAURINDA's Shrine ;
 Your Gems alas too dimly shine !
 The Shrine is brighter far than They ;
 Therefore, Nereids, steal away
 The Glances of Aurora's Beams,
 Reflected on the Silver Streams.*

*Holy Vows and chaste Desires
 Feed the Lamp with Lambent Fires ;
 Flames that Shine and never Burn,
 Shou'd only Crown LAURINDA's Urn.*

*Tuneful Sighs, harmonious Groans,
 Halcyon-Songs, and Turtle-Moans,
 Only from the Bow'r be heard
 Where LAURINDA lies Interr'd.
 Soft as Ev'ning Zephyrs call,
 Soft as shedding Roses fall.*

*Lo where Hymen's Self appears !
 His Nuptial Taper quench'd in Tears,
 His wither'd Wreath beside him flung :
 See Cupid too (his Bow unstrung)
 Engraving with a broken Dart
 (In Characters of wondrous Art)*

The FAIR, the WISE, the VIRTUOUS, and the YOUNG.

*While thus Enshrin'd her Ashes lye,
 Her deathless Spirit mounts the Sky ;
 And has, in solemn State, presented There
 Ariadne's Crown and Cassiopeia's Chair.*

Too low, your Heav'n's too low, BRITANNIA cries,
 My Saint is tow'r'd where never Muse cou'd rise ;
 And blest with Raptures, more Divine and True
 Than your Apollo ever gave or knew.

Ye Realms of Bliss (enrich'd at Britain's Cost)
 While Gainers There, think what on Earth you lost !
 Since Death's rude Hand demolish'd that fair Shrine,
 See how the VIRTUES and the GRACES pine.

O Heav'n-born Piety ! what tender Breast
 (Like Her's) will make thee now its early Guest;
 That Mansion fall'n, ah ! whither wilt thou stray ?
 Devotion, who shall teach thee now to Pray ?
 To whom shall Meekness for Protection fly ?
 To whom shall shiv'ring Charity apply ?
 To whom shall now her Infant Orphans cry ?
 See how around her Tomb they take their Stands,
 And wail, and sob, and wring their little Hands !
 Yet Fate this Prospect still of Comfort gives,
 Their Patroness's bright E X A M P L E lives.

This Thought, *LISANDER*, shou'd your Griefs subdue,
 And make your blasted Hopes to bloom anew.
 Celestial Pow'rs, when your accomplish'd Fair
 They form'd and finish'd with so nice a Care,
 To Earth so rich a Treasure never gave
 For Fates to hoard it in a thankless Grave.
 Believe not then your Beauteous Saint expir'd,
 But only to her Native Heav'n retir'd.
 Mistake not Courtesy for Disregard ;
 If Life's a Toil, and Death is Life's Reward,
 Sure, Nature's Tenderness is most express'd
 To Those whom Soonest she admits to Rest.

I know the Genius of excessive Grief
 Is to indulge Despair, and shun Relief;
 But Heroes from such Frailty shou'd be free;
 Have Pity on your Self; -----at least, on Me.

Behold

Behold how **TRIUMPH** drops his flagging Wings ;
 Nor **PEACE** can taste the Blessings that she brings.
 You waste *My* Hours in Sorrow, while on You
 My Senate calls-----My Royal Guardian too !
 In *WILLIAM*'s Name our Visit is address'd,
 His Summons hear, and charm your Grievs to Rest.

So Pow'rful, so Inspiring was the Sound
 Of *WILLIAM*'s Name, it shook the Hills around,
 And rais'd the Mourning Hero from the Ground.
 Who now the Bright Assembly did survey
 With such submissive Looks as seem'd to say-----
 In Duty He his lov'd Despair wou'd quit,
 And to the Toils of *joyless* Life submit.

F I N I S.